

The Vermont Mymic

VOL. 1

BURLINGTON, VERMONT, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1950

NO. 1

NEXT PRESIDENT FAVORS STRONG GOV.

PAGE FOUR

Cats and Knights Tangle

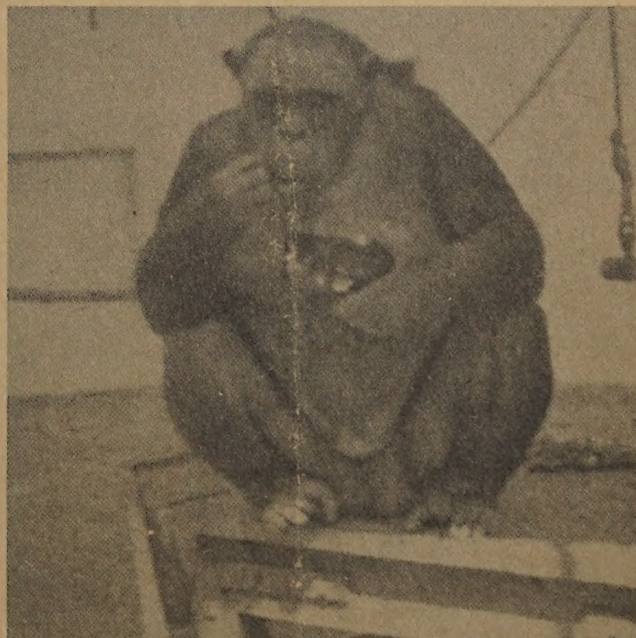
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President Parlson airs his views.



Two student government candidates shown below in characteristic poses.

Remember, Have your feet checked at the Infirmary.



The Vermont Mymic

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Senior Staff

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Iva Headache		
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ART STAFF: Out for lunch.		
REPORTERS: Can be seen anytime at the "Sugar House."		

All editorials and monkey business must be written in English and signed if possible.

Office Telephone 5000, ask for Mabel

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Editorials

There has been much speculation among the Freshmen and even among the less enlightened of the upperclassmen concerning the significance of our famous UVM Boulder. We wish to take this opportunity to clear up all misapprehensions once and for all. It is, in short, no more and no less than the head, noodle, or noggin, as you prefer, of our founder, beloved in memory. It has been set on a pedestal overlooking our campus in order that it may serve as an everlasting inspiration to the members of our "Jukes family of education," as our student body is so often fondly referred to by leading authorities.

We at UVM may not have much to boast about in the way of scholastic standings or athletics, but we do at least have one claim to fame, our Boulder. We cannot in justice say that we have something on the ball, but we do proudly state that we have the ball on something. No other college or university in the nation can make this statement!

As you will notice, the Boulder is perfectly round, to signify the fact that we cut all corners here at UVM. It is also perfectly blank, symbolizing the state of mind of our alumni, faculty, and student body. In fact, our founder's face is so expressionless that it is impossible for us to imagine what he was thinking of when he conceived this institution. Some of our critics have advanced the theory that he wasn't thinking of anything, as usual. Some have even gone so far as to suggest that he was incapable of thought, that UVM is the product of the mind of a low-grade imbecile. Be that as it may, the the Boulder is a part of our university's tradition. So please, you absent-minded pipe-smokers, stop scratching matches on it; and you heedless scholars, stop bringing it up to your quarters for use as a paperweight; and you chiseling lovers, stop carving hearts and initials on it. It is our sacred trust, and we're stuck with it.

ERRATUM

In our last issue we said that Dorothy Adams who was wearing a pink hat and red coat fell and broke her leg in front of the Waterman Building last Tuesday. We wish to correct that this time. First of all, it was not Dorothy Adams but Helen Regan. She was not wearing a pink hat but a green one, her coat was yellow and not red. It happened last Wednesday and not Tuesday and she did not break her leg but DROPPED DEAD.

ANOTHER FIRST FOR UVM

This week's paper is printed by the revolutionary new Mik-y-type process. Under this process the editorial staff doesn't have to do any work at all since the whole paper is put out by the students at St. Michael's.

We hope you like it!

Note:

To the students of St. Michael's and the advertisers and subscribers of the MICHAELMAN:

This is issue No. 17.

We hope you like it, too.

Inquiring Reporter

The Question: What do you think will be the outcome of the UVM-St. Michael's basketball game on Feb. 8?

FUZZY IVANS, UVM COACH:

We'll take those clowns into camp by at least twenty or thirty points. They may look all right against second-rate competition like Hofstra, St. Lawrence, or Boston College, but up in our league the wonder boys will run into a lot of trouble.

(Ed. Note: At the time of the interview Coach Ivans was amusing himself by diligently punching holes in the beaver-board walls with his little pointed head.)



AYNA SWEET, sophomore, Adsitt House:

Oh, they're all so good looking that it's hard to say who will win. I hope Vermont wins, because they're our very own fellows. I go for men, don't you? (Ed. Note: At this point a bevy of co-eds chorused a hungry affirmative.)



GROVA ORANGES, president of Nu Sigma Nu:

Say, that IS a question! I expect to sit right on the very edge of my seat in excitement all night long! I do hope our fellows win--they're all such nice boys! Oh, goodness, I hope I didn't give you the wrong impression. You're nice, too.



Remember, Have your feet checked at the Infirmary.

They're Saying Awful Things About The Fraternity Boys



Well, I never ...! It seems that even in the placid Arcadia that is Vermont one cannot escape the snippy little rumor mongers that always are out to spoil someone's fun. Honestly, the number of stories that have been circulated about our frat activities has come to the point where it must be halted. Really fellows, enough is enough.

Now I'm not one to pick a fight but this is simply the last time I'm going to warn some of you fellows. For heaven's sake, we ifraternity boys won't always take this laying down. We'll do something awful, you wait and see if we don't.

One thing that has come in for a lot of pooh poohing lately is the "capsule brothers" tradition. Honestly, I just don't see how anyone could be wicked enough as to spread stories about this. We've been doing the same thing for years and none of the fellows have bothered us in the past. For the benefit of the smarties here's how the "capsule" idea works:

Al draws Eddie's name, meaning that Al does one good deed for Eddie each day for a week. Eddie of course notes these good deeds but doesn't know who his "good fairy" is and Al in turn doesn't reveal that the "capsule brother" he drew is Eddie. You see every fellow is really a secret "capsule brother" for someone else. At some fraternities they are called "leprechauns" but the American appellation is preferred by far.

All sorts of variations

have been worked out on the original idea. For instance, in my house lucky fellows are served breakfast in bed. In this case the real "capsule brother" gets some other boy to do the serving. Fellows try their darndest to keep their identities secret, because at the frat parties, names of the "good fairies" are guessed at and many revealed.

Boys at Kappa Sig, a typical frat where the custom has long held sway often compose fitting poems for their "brothers", make their beds, plant candy, coke and personal little things in unsuspected places, clean the rooms and help in lots of other little ways. It all makes for a more friendly and intimate house spirit. Really it's a lot of fun and an easy way to get to know the fellows better.

I didn't mean to speak as harshly as I have, but honestly if you heard some of the things I have you'd blush right down to your big pinky too. Some fellows never seem to tend to their own knitting, really the frat boys can take care of themselves. After all ...!!

Letters to the Editor . . .

This week's carload of marijuana goes to Prof. John Dontwe for his letter on the transmigration of the female ostergoshonia. We didn't bother printing it because it's too long and we didn't understand it. Besides, Prof. Dontwe said it wasn't for publication, he just wanted to replenish his supply of Mitchum weeds.

Dear Sir:

Please cancel my subscription to your paper at once. I've taken all I can of your half-witted writers. I don't believe I have ever run across a more revolting mass of tripe than I have found in your publication. Your editorials are asinine, your feature stories

look remarkably like second rate compositions from the Taft School Kindergarten, and your sports section is too disgusting for words. You people certainly do have your nerve, charging me fifteen buttons a year for the "privilege" of reading the rag you so magnanimously send me every week. I think I have made myself clear.

U.R. Jerks
Pearl St.
Burlington

(Ed. Note: We are sending along this week's issue anyhow. We are sure that Mr. Jerks will notice a tremendous improvement in the quality of the writing, due to a complete change in editorial personnel.)

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

DELTA MU

Last week Delta Mu held its first meeting of the second semester. The boys viewed an instructional movie on obstetrics and listened to an interesting talk on fraternity-sorority activities. The talk was followed by a visit to the maternity ward of the DeGoesbriand Hospital where the Delta Mu's met Dr. Sig Froid a noted specialist in pathological symptoms.

GOTA CHI CAGO

The fellows at Gota Chi Cago have a complaint to make. The Rush Captains in their frat house are just a teensy bit too rough! And they also want Denny Souch of Nov Skov Kapop

to desist from serenading them at 3 o'clock in the morning. The nasty thing woke them all up.

MISSISSIP DELTA

Mississip Delta sorority held a quaint candle light ceremony the other day. Miss Suzy Souch was burned beyond recognition. After the ceremony a program of light classical songs was given by William Souch. The more popular songs were "Frankie and Johnny" and "Run for the Roundhouse Mother, the Brakeman Can't Corner You There."

Unfortunately the punch bowl was tampered with. It seems the pledges who were passing refreshments were also passing out.

Knights and Cats

St. Mike's-UVM Will Meet

Still smarting after last Saturday night when they were edged out by the Bennington College five, the Catamounts will be out to continue their streak (of losses) this evening.

The general attitude seems to be one of optimism - UVM is hoping it will be able to get 15 players together to play St. Michael's.

In a special pre-game interview, Coach Fuzzy Ivans sounded a note of caution.

"Maybe we'll lose to those bums," Ivans said in his most sportsmanlike manner, "they just don't play like us Vermonsters - they shoot at the basket and everything." "Besides," Fuzzy added in a confidential tone, "they've been cheating. I hear they practice over there."

Irregardless of all this scepticism and fear this column nevertheless feels that we do have an outside chance of pulling our first win of the year out of the fire against the Michaelmen. It is true that we haven't played what you could call a top flight brand of ball but then we've lost a lot of close one's and have had a lot of tough breaks. We lost to Bennington, our toughest game so far, 76-30, but let's face facts: Bennington is leading their league, having beaten such teams as Smith, Simmons and Perkins Institute for the Blind by close margins.

However, as we said before we've lost a lot of close ones to such clubs as Curzon U. 25-24, College of Cardinals 55-24, Electoral College 40-24, Absorbine Jr. College 63-24 and St. Vitus Dancing Academy 50-24. As is evident from a run down, of the season's scores the Catamounts have shown a decided lack of scoring power averaging only 24 points a game. However, the 30 points scored against highly regarded Bennington should give the men from across the river something to worry about although it isn't much we'll admit.

Now that we've done our utmost to lift the spirits of the faculty, and students on the eve of the impending slaughter this column is going out to place a few wagers.

By the way, we certainly hope the Catamounts win, even if we do lose our bets.

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Across From St. Michael's

UVM Brushes By Dental As Hal I. Tosis Stars

On a last minute basket by reserve Hal I. Tosis, the 16th man on Vermont's fifteen man squad, the UVM cagers decisively trampled Tuscahooa State Dental here last week, 4-2.

Hal, who usually carries the water bucket, leads the cheers, and sweeps out the gym at UVM, was inserted into the starting lineup due to the absence of ten key Vermont cagers who failed to attain a passing grade of 40 in their mid-year exams.

UVM scored quickly after the opening whistle when Al Noman tapped the ball to Ed "Jazz" Sneaky. Ed, unaware that the game had started, was proudly displaying his molars to his Dental opponent at the time. The ball bounced off his head and into the basket for a perfect two-pointer.

DEEP FREEZE

Holding a commanding two point lead, and endeavoring to preserve their perfect shooting average for the evening, the Cats proceeded to freeze the ball for the remainder of the period.

The second period found Vermont still in control of the ball. In an attempt to get their offense rolling, and at the same time wake up the spectators, Coach Evans put in his ace set-shot artist, Gunner Nobasquet.

Gunner, who has showed remarkable improvement in the past few months took twenty-five shots the five minutes he was in the game. He brought the crowd to its feet as he hit the backboard on three occasions and almost hit the rim of the basket on another.

Gloom settled over the crowd just as the half ended, however, when Don Pullem, Dental's ace five-foot five inch center, stole the ball from Al Noman, while Al was posing for a year-book picture. The UVM quintet was so shocked at the boldness and rudeness of the Tuscahooa star that they watched in awe as he neatly pushed in a layup to tie the score at 2-2.

CATS COOL

In the third period action slowed down a little. The Cats, still abashed at Don Pullem's actions, again froze the ball out of cold contempt for their opponents.

This continued late into the fourth period until Hal I. Tosis, unable to restrain any longer the pent-up emotion to take one shot at the basket took the ball and heaved it the length of the court. The home stands went crazy as the ball neatly swished through Dental's net for the winning two points.

(Ed. Note- The shock was so great, that Hal too went crazy, and is presently vacationing at Waterbury.)

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UVM FIGHT SONG

It takes a long time to get a good team
So it sure looks bad for us,
For now a good team seems like a pipe dream
And there'll be an awful fuss.
For we ain't got no mighty rivals
And our team's an eye-sore,
We can't fight, fight, fight for Old Vermont
Cause Vermont ain't no more.
Chorus:
We've been torn up by every foe-man
And they've piled up score on score,
So now we'll run right back to Old Vermont
And hide there forever more.

REMEMBER, HAVE YOUR FEET CHECKED AT THE INFIRMARY.

NEWS ITEM

It has recently been announced by the committee on scholastic standing that Eddie Goshufix has finally learned to spell his name, thereby gaining a place on the Honor Roll, as well as renewing his eligibility to play basketball for the eighth successive year.

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Sports Slants

by VIC DRYDOCK

Students at UVM may soon see a 6' 8" giant gracing, (or should we say draping), our campus. This lad has shown an interest in our fair institution and would like very much to play basketball here. Unfortunately however, he will not be around for the St. Michael's game. His name is "X," (at least that is how he signed his letter), and he claims to be a close relative of both Ozark Ike and Tennessee Jed. The lad hails from a small county in Tennessee, which is too hard to pronounce so we shall just forget about it. Besides basketball he claims he could undoubtedly help out our rifle team since he is considered the best feuder in his section of the Tennessee hills. The only drawback is the fact that this Goliath refuses to wear sneakers, claiming he plays best in his bare feet. The big boy was really a whiz in Tennessee high school ball, where he scored 2000 points over an eight year period. Now that he is out of high school he feels he would like to continue his education. He explains that his reason for applying at UVM is the fact that he is too well known around the South, (we don't quite understand what he means by that), and he figures that in Vermont no one will ever be able to find him (again we are stymied as to just what he means). He added a P.S. to his letter saying that if he were accepted, if it would be possible for the University to make accommodations for his wife and six children, and also his two hunting dogs. However, if it is impossible for the school to accommodate both, then he wished to make sure that the dogs at least would be taken care of, because if he should come here he intends to do some of "that thar dere hunting."

To this industrious young fellow we extend our heartiest best wishes, and sincere hopes

that he shall soon be one of us. Ambition is something we always admire, and if a boy from the South wants to come to Vermont for an education, he must be ambitious. We guarantee that when he graduates from here, he will not only be the best rifle shot in his section, but he'll be the best in the state of Tennessee if he really wants to buckle down and apply himself.

With the St. Michael's games just around the corner the University fellows have been keeping the beauty salons quite busy so that they shall look their nicest for the big games. However, some of the more pioneering lads, (mostly the reserves though), are trying their hand at the revolutionary Toni Home Permanent. A big crowd is expected and the boys don't want to appear sloppy and messy.

Well, boys and girls, this is it for this week. Don't forget to get downtown and buy your noise-makers so we can drown out the cheers of that certain college, from across the "you know what" river. We may not win many games this year, and we may not have much of a basketball team, in fact we may have very little of anything, but remember this comrades, HAVE WE GOT SPIRIT?

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REMEMBER, HAVE YOUR FEET CHECKED AT THE INFIRMARY.

Dr. William Parlson Wants Strong Student Council

Dr. William W. Parlson, who will assume the Presidency of the University of Vermont in April, arrived here for an unexpected visit this week. He was met at the train in Rutland by the University's newest coal truck, and was then taken over the road to Burlington. He was dumped on the campus at approximately 5 o'clock this A.M.

He breakfasted at one of the local fraternity houses which had been the scene of a party the night before. After breakfast, he said a few words to the boys.

Dr. Parlson began his talk by touching on a subject that was very imminent at the time. In commenting on the forthcoming Student Government election, he implied that he would like to see a strong student government at Vermont. With this in mind the two former candidates for the position of President immediately withdrew.

When asked to give a reason for their withdrawal from the electoral race, they simply said, "We have an I.Q. of thirty, and this is much too high for a member of the Student Council at the University of Vermont."

However, as luck would have it, two more candidates for the job were found under a table at the Sugar House, and were brought before Dr. Parlson. When he had looked them over, and found that they were imbeciles and therefore suited the position, he put his stamp of approval on their well pointed heads.

Dr. Parlson further stated that he would go about rebuilding sports at UVM immediately. He felt that while the University of Vermont wasn't ready to step into a class with such foes as Norwich and Goddard, that in a few years they might be ready for the step. He further intimated to the delight of all those present that the University of Vermont would be able to field a team that would give St. Michael's a good game by 1995.

Some of the stellar teams that the doctor intends to bring to Burlington in '50 and '51 would include Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Bennington Jr. College, Simmons, and of course their oldest rival from across the street, Trinity.

Dr. Parlson then made the statement that he couldn't stand to see a team lose. The Athletic Council thereupon presented him with a chair, and a blindfold, as U.V.M. hasn't won a game now in four years.

Dr. Parlson is against using the sanity code at Vermont because he fears that the use of it would do away with all the athletes and ninety percent of the student body at Vermont.

Commenting on the curriculum at the University, Dr. Parlson intimated that he felt that it should be broadened. He said too much attention was being placed on the egg gathering courses, and that he should like to see more emphasis given to cow milking, and plowing. Dr. Parlson, it was later learned, plans to put in a new course that will be known

as English. Just what this new course will consist of is unknown at this time, but it has all the students and instructors puzzled at this time. The purpose of the course it seems will be to teach the students to think. After consulting the dictionary (you know the one that is chained to the boulder) for the meaning of the word think, this writer is of the opinion that it will be an impossibility to teach the students at Vermont to think.

Dr. Parlson ended his talk on a serious note. "About this question of drinking," he said. "I know that Vermont has more cows than people but we've still got to use our discretion. There's such a thing as carrying this milk business too far. It cuts down on your studying time and it just isn't good for your health. Now understand, I'm not shutting you off. You can still have your milk but let's use a little moderation. There are just too many empties around here."

Seniors Honored

Seven UVM senior have qualified for membership in Phi Beta Kappa, national honor fraternity. The seven were to have received their honor keys last Sunday but all were afraid to leave their dungeons in the sub-cellars of the Wasserman Test Building.

Top graduate was Tirjid Morun, a transfer student from Vermont Feeble Minded. "Tird" was dropped from VFM for scholastic difficulties but here at UVM he has piled up a record nobody wants to sniff at.

Eddie Woodlarkit was chosen for the sorority queens as "The Picture of Panned-Hell." A basketball player, Eddie was named All-Vermont last year by sportswriter Gil Woodlarkit. Joe "Bloodin" Gore was the best man on the floor of the Med. School. During his twelve undergraduate years he lost only one patient and that was on a dark night.

John Donne is undoubtedly the most talented English major ever to matriculate at our beloved cowlege. When informed of the honor he received, John cleverly said, "D-uh-h, Y-uh-h."

Carleton Charles was editor of the Mymic. It was unfortunate that "Snoop" (as his friends call him) was informed of his selection while he was in the Mymic Offices as our office floors are now covered with crushed grape-skins.

Rupert St. Ghoulay was an outstanding football player. Coach "Fuzzy" Wuzzy said Rupert spent more time standing out on the field than any other player. He was such an elusive runner many said they could never see "Ghoul" as a football player.

The seventh honor man is unknown. A sport fan, every time he was approached he began screaming "No, No, Don't make me look at our basketball team again."

Weekly Concert Review

by JOHN BOORE

I'm telling you, music lovers, these Community Concerts just get more and more ridiculous all the time. Last Tuesday night it was my gruesome task to sit in on a joint concert presented by Arturo Toscanini and his orchestra with a colored singer named Marian Anderson. I mean, these acts may go over all right in New York and places like that where people are always in a hurry or something, but here in quiet, placid Burlington, where a man can really listen to what's being played they're just ridiculous, that's all.

The featured work of the evening was Prokofiev's Symphony No. 6, E Flat Minor, Opus 111, three movements: Allegro moderato, Largo, and Vivace. It stunk. Miss Anderson did mostly negro spirituals, and let me tell you, it was enough to make the Delta Rhythm Boys turn over in their graves. Besides the spirituals, she also sang some songs in German and Italian which I haven't got room to translate for you in this space, not that I'd particularly want to.

This reviewer has been a target for criticism by the music intelligentsia (Ha-Ha) of the university because they think he's being a little too harsh in his commentary on the Burlington concert season. Well, all I can say is this: Maybe if everyone in Burlington was just a little harsher in this matter, maybe the management would see about booking some better acts for Vermont amateurs de musique (music lovers).

Skid Hooley wins my praise

for the best record of the week with his fine rendition of "Leibestod Bop." This is taken, as you may have guessed, from Wagner's "Liebestod," which I think means the Love Toad, or something like that. Wagner got his idea from a little-known Bavarian legend about the Love Toad, which you can look up in practically any good encyclopedia.

During the week somebody gave me a record called "Fantasie Impromptu" played on the piano by-get this name, fans--Vladimir Horowitz. It turned out to be nothing more or less than "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" plus some second-rate finger exercises such as my kid sister who's taking piano right now could play easy. It seems every record company is pulling the same stuff, changing the title of a song and giving it a new arrangement, and then trying to foist it off on an unsuspecting public.

(Owing to a slight misunderstanding over an incident that happened by an amazing coincidence at two record shops in town last week, this will be the last record review section until further notice. I was in the Cross Radio Shop looking over the newest releases, and an album of records fell off a shelf by mistake and into my briefcase. You can imagine my surprise when the owner happened to notice it was there as I was leaving. This happened again later, as I said above, in another shop. I went back to each place the next day, and was prevented from entering either one by clerks who obviously misunderstood the whole thing. I'm having the President of the University help get the matter straightened out. .

Prof. Fourudders' Right at Home

Professor Ignatz X. Fourudders will teach at U.V.M. commencing as of this date. This world shaking announcement was made to the staff reporter of this journal last night at the annual meeting of the I Tappa Keg Fraternity. Dr. I. Gotta Stomache, chairman of the board of Green Beer Detector's Association, made the announcement.

Professor Fourudders has had a long and tiresome career as an authority on Animal Husbandry. He is known the world over for his remarkable thesis on "Udderology." He has made rapid strides in improving the science of the exploitations of the female of milk yielding domestic cattle with his theory of "The Touch With A Personality."

HE'S NO SQUARE

The eminent figure in the field full of animals was born in the state of Exhaustion, raised in the state of Confusion, from whence he comes to head the department of Agriculture here in the state of Exasperation.

Professor Fourudders decided to make Animal Husbandry his life work when he met Daisy Bigasabarn, who is now Mrs. Fourudders. Said the Prof., "I saw that I could really live with my work by marrying Daisy."

HE'S BEEN AROUND

The Prof. is a graduate of Moo University in Lower Oskosh. He received his Master's Degree and afterwards his Doctor's degree at Bossy Agricultural College in Stripper Dry, Kansas. He has looked forward to a position on the faculty here at U.V.M. for he believes that on THIS campus, "The Cow is the thing."

As a closing statement to the press, the Prof. said, "It has taken a lot of pull to get me where I am today. I am milked dry but it was worth it." One and all drank to this statement. In fact, they're still drinking....

PHILIP M. COHEN

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Brand New Course To Be Offered

Students at the University are going to be required to take an unusual new course next semester.

Titled, the "Little Book" course, it will be noted for its two stiff requirements. Students will have to:

1. Read a book (one novel or ten comic books)
2. Think

Rumor has it, however, that the University Council considers the second requirement too revolutionary.

THE MIMIC received word of the new course late this morning when one of its reporters was hit by a spit ball as he passed the Dean's office. Unrolling the spit ball he found the following note:

Dear John - No that's not the note. Here it is:

Dear Students: The administration of UVM has decided on a drastic change in the curriculum. As President Liman put it today, "This course will stand in Vermont history next to the swivel top milking stool and the automatic coal-shute." These are indeed words of praise.

The University has maintained its usual conservative Vermont tradition regarding publicity. The only action taken was to send 35 page reports to TIME.

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